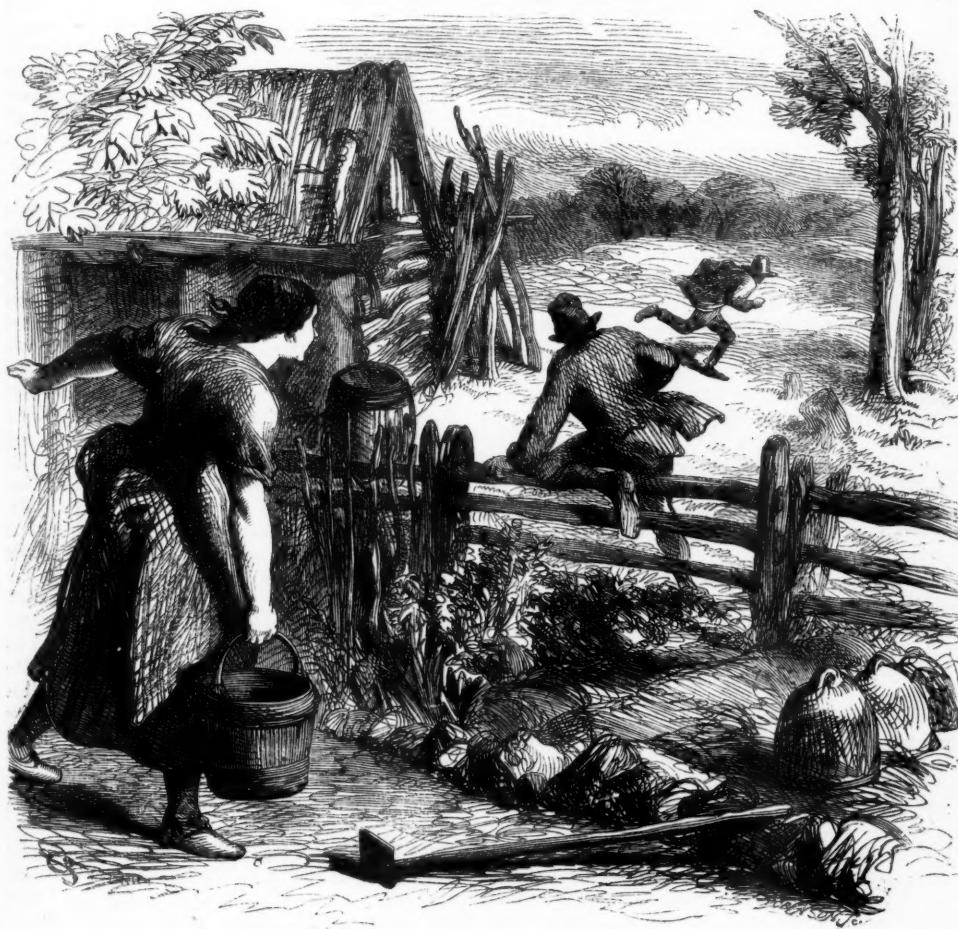


THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



NIM BUNTING'S IGNOMINIOUS FLIGHT.

CEDAR CREEK;

FROM THE SHANTY TO THE SETTLEMENT.

A TALE OF CANADIAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XLIII.—THE MILL PRIVILEGE.

MEANWHILE, the noonday dinner at Davison's bee progressed merrily. The mighty maskelongé disappeared piecemeal, simultaneously with a profusion of eel and venison pies, legs and sides of

pork, raspberry tarts, huge dishes of potatoes and hot buns, trays of strawberries, and other legitimate backwoods fare; served and eaten all at the same time, with an aboriginal disregard of courses. After much wriggling and scheming—for he could not do the smallest thing in a straightforward manner—Zack Bunting had edged himself beside Mr. Wynn the elder; who, to please his good friend Davison, occupied what he magnificently termed

No. 494.—JUNE 13, 1861.

B B

PRICE ONE PENNY.

the vice-chair, being a stout high stool of rough red pine; and Zack slouched beside him, his small cunning eyes glancing sidelong occasionally from his tin platter, to the noble upright figure of the old gentleman.

"What's in the wind now?" quoth Robert to himself, at the other end of the board, as he surveyed this contrast of personages. Looking down the lines of hungry labourers for Nim's duplicate face, it was absent, though he had seen it a-field. Andy's was also wanting, and with it the hilarity which radiated from him upon surrounding company. Not having the key of the position, Robert failed to connect these absences, although just then they were being connected in a very marked manner at Cedar Creek.

Zack wanted to speak on a particular subject to his lofty neighbour, but somehow it stuck in his throat. His usual audacity was at fault. Mr. Wynn had never seemed so inaccessible, though in reality he was making an effort to be unusually bland to a person he disliked. For the first time in his existence, cringing Zack feared the face of mortal man.

"Spell o' warm weather, squire, ain't it, rayther? I wor jest a sayin' to Silas Duff here, that I never want to see no better day for loggin', I don't."

"It is indeed beautifully fine," answered Mr. Wynn, who was generally called in the neighbourhood "the squire," a sort of compliment to his patriarchal and magisterial position. "I hope our friend Davison will have his work cleared off satisfactorily before dark."

"Oh, no fear, squire, no fear, I guess. There's good teams a-field. Them cattle, druv by my lad Nim, air the finest in the township, I reckon."

"Indeed!" quoth Mr. Wynn, who just knew an ox from an ass.

"Tain't a losin' game to keep a store in the bush, ef you be a smart man," observed Zack, with a leer, after a few minutes' devotion to the contents of his tin plate. By this adjective "smart" is to be understood "sharp, overreaching"—in fact, a cleverness verging upon safe dishonesty. "I guess it's the high road to 'bein' worth some punkins, ef a feller has sense to invest his money well."

"I daresay," rejoined Mr. Wynn, vaguely, looking down on the mean crooked face.

"Fact, squire, downright fact. Now, I don't mind tellin' you, squire," lowering his voice to a whisper, "that I've cleared a hundred per cent. on some sales in my time; an' the money hain't been idle since, you may b'lieve. Thar! that's sharp tradin', I guess?"

"Yes, sir, very sharp indeed." Mr. Wynn's face by no means reflected the Yankee's smile. But Zack saw in his gravity only a closer attention to the important subject of gain.

"I've shares in a big bank in New York, that returns me fifteen per cent.—every copper of it: an' I've two of the best farms in the township—that's countin' Daisy Burn, whar I'll foreclose some day soon, I guess."

"You are a prosperous man, as you calculate prosperity, Mr. Bunting."

"I guess I ain't nothen' else," answered the storekeeper, with satisfaction. "But I kin tell you, squire, that my lad Nim is 'tarnal' cute too, an' he'll be worth lookin' arter as a husband, he will."

Still with an unsuspecting effort at cordiality, Mr. Wynn answered, "I suppose so."

"He might get gals in plenty, but he has a genteel taste, has Nim; the gal to please Nim must be thorough genteel. Now, what would you say, squire?"—an unaccountable faint-heartedness seized Uncle Zack at this juncture, and he coughed a hesitation.

"Well, sir!" For the old gentleman began to suspect towards what he was drifting, but rejected the suspicion as too wild and improbable.

"Wal, the fact is, squire, Nim will have the two farms, an' the store, an' the bank shares—of course not all that till I die, but Daisy Burn at once: an'—an'—he's in a 'tarnal everlastin' state about your daughter Linda, the purtiest gal in the township, I guess."

Mr. Wynn rose from his seat, his usually pale countenance deeply flushed. What! his moss-rose Linda—as often in a fond moment he named her—his pretty Linda, thought of in such connection with this vulgar cheating storekeeper's vulgar son? "Sir, how dare you?" were all the words his lips framed, when Robert, beholding the scene from the other end of the board, came to the rescue.

"The fellow has been drinking," was the most charitable construction Mr. Wynn could put upon Zack's astounding proposition. His dignity was cruelly outraged. "Baiting the trap with his hateful knavish gains!" cried Linda's father. "This is the result of the democracy of bush life; the indiscriminate association with all classes of people that's forced on one. Any low fellow that pleases may ask your daughter in marriage!"

Robert walked up and down with him outside the building. Though sufficiently indignant himself, he tried to calm his father. "Don't make the affair more public by immediate withdrawal," he advised. "Stay an hour or so longer at the bee, for appearance sake. It's hardly likely the fellow will attempt to address you again, at least on that subject." So the old gentleman very impatiently watched the log heaps piling, and the teams straining, and the "grog-bos" going his rounds, for a while longer.

We left Andy Callaghan over his victim, with a flourishing shillelagh. Having spun him round, he stirred him up again with a few sharp taps; and it must be confessed that Nim showed very little fight for a man of his magnitude, but sneaked over the fence after a minute's bravado.

"Och, murthur, but it's myself that 'ud like to be batin' ye!" groaned Andy for the second time, most sincerely. "Only I'm afeard if I began I wouldn't know how to lave off, 'twould be so pleasant, ye owdacious villian. Ha! ye'd throw the stick at me, would ye?" and Mr. Callaghan was across the fence in a twinkling. Whereupon Nim fairly turned tail, and fled ignominiously, after having ineffectually discharged a piece of timber, javelin-wise, at his enemy.

A loud peal of laughter, in a very masculine key, broke upon Andy's ear. It proceeded from the usually undemonstrative maiden Liberia, who was bringing a pail of water from the creek when her path was crossed by the flying pair. From that hour the tides of her feminine heart set in favour of the conqueror.

"Throth, an' I may as well let ye have the benefit of yer heels, ye mortal spalpeen," said Andy, reining himself in. "An' it's the father of a good thrashin' I could give ye for yer impudence. To think o' Miss Linda, that's one of the ould auncient Wynns of Dunore since Adam was a boy! I donno why I didn't pound him into smithereens whin I had him so handy on the flat of his back—only for Miss Linda, the darlin' crathur, tellin' me not. Sure there isn't a peeler in the whole counthry, nor a jail neither, for a thousand mile. Now I wondher, av it was a thing I did bate him black an' blue, whose business would it be to 'rest me, an' is it before the masther I'd be brought to court?"

Cogitating thus, and chewing the cud on the end of his sapling, Andy returned homewards leisurely. His young mistress was nowhere to be seen; so he picked up the hoe and finished her strawberry bed; and when he saw the elder Mr. Wynn approaching, he quietly walked off to Davison's and took his place among the hive again, as if nothing had happened. Nor did the faithful fellow ever allude to the episode—with a rare delicacy judging that the young lady would prefer silence—except once that Robert asked him what had brought him to Cedar Creek so opportunely.

"Why, thin, didn't I know what the vagabone wanted, lavin' the bee 'thout his dinner, an' goin' down this road, afther me lookin' at him this twel-month back dressin' himself out in all the colours of neckties that ever was in the rainbow, an' saunterin' about the place every Sunday in particular, an' starin' at her purty face as impudent as if he wos her equal: often I'd ha' given me best shute o' clothes to pluck the two tails off his coat; an' he struttin' up to Daisy Burn, when she an' Miss Armytage tached the little childher there; an' Miss Linda thinkin' no more of him than if a snake was watchin' her out ov the bushes. But, moreover, I heerd him an' his ould schamer ov a father whisperin' at the bee: 'Do you go down to herself,' ses Zack, 'an' I'll spake to the squire.' 'Sure, me lad,' thinks I, 'if you do you'll have company along wid you; so I dogged him every step of the way.'

Which explains Andy's interposition.

Robert Wynn, when his wrath at the Buntings' presumption subsided, had gloomy anticipations that this would prove the beginning of an irreconcilable feud, making the neighbourhood very disagreeable. But not so. A week afterwards, while he stood watching the workmen building the dam for the projected mill, he heard the well-known drawl at his elbow, and turning, beheld the unabashed Zack. He had duly weighed matters for and against, and found that the squire was too powerful for a pleasant quarrel, and too big to injure with impunity.

"Wal, Robert, so yar raisin' a sawmill!" he had uttered, in a tone of no agreeable surprise. Mr. Wynn pointed to Davison, and left him to settle that point of rivalry.

"We wull divide the custom o' the country, neebor Zack," quoth the other.

"I don't deny that you have an elegant mill-privilege here; but I guess that's all you'll have. Whar's grist to come from, or lumber? D'ye think they'll pass the four roads at the 'Corner,' whar my mill stands handy?"

"Room enough i' the world for baith o' us," nodded Davison; "an' room enough in Canada for a million ither mills, freend." And he walked down the sloping bank to assist at the dam.

This last—a blow at the pocket—seemed to affect Zack far more than that other blow at the intangible essence, his family honour. He could see his son Nim set off for the back settlements of Iowa, without a pang; for it is in vulgar Yankee nature to fling abroad the sons and daughters of a house far and wide into the waters of the world, to make their own way, to sink or swim as happens. But the new saw-mill came between him and his rest. Before winter, the machinery had been noisily at work for many a day; with huge beams walking up to the saw, and getting perpetually sliced into clean fresh boards; with an intermittent shooting of slabs and saw-dust into the creek. "Most eloquent music" did it discourse to Robert's ears, whose dream of a settlement was thus fulfilling, in that the essential requisite, lumber for dwelling-houses, was being prepared.

CHAPTER XLIV.—UNDER THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

FOR some sufficient reason, the Yankee storekeeper did not at that time prosecute his avowed intention of foreclosing the mortgage on Daisy Burn. Perhaps there was something to be gained by dallying with the Captain still—some further value to be sucked out of him in that villainous trap, the tavern bar, whither many a disappointed settler has resorted to drown his cares, and found the intoxicating glass indeed full of "blue ruin."

One brilliant day in mid-winter, when the sky was like a crystallized sapphire dome, and the earth spotless in snow, a single sleigh came bowling along the smooth road towards the "Corner." "A heavy fall of snow is equivalent to the simultaneous construction of macadamized roads all through Canada," saith that universally quoted personage, Good Authority. So is it found by thousands of sleighs, then liberated after a rusty summer rest. Then is the season for good fellowship and friendly intercourse: leisure has usurped the place of business, and the sternest utilitarian finds time for relaxation.

The idlers in Bunting's bar heard the sleigh-bells long before they left the arches of the forest; and, as the smallest atom of gravel strikes commotion into a still pool, so the lightest event was of consequence in this small stagnant community of the "Corner." The idlers speculated concerning those bells, and a dozen pair of eyes witnessed the emergence of the vehicle into the little stumpy street.

Zack's sharp vision knew it for one that had been here last year, as he peered through the store-window, stuffed with goods of all sorts; but the occupant was not the same. Grizzled hair and beard escaped the bounds of the fur cap tied down over his ears, and the face was much older and harder. The mills seemed to attract his attention, frozen up tightly as they were; he slackened his sleigh to a pause, threw the reins on his horse's neck, and walked to the edge of the dam. After a few minutes, Bunting's curiosity stimulated him to follow, and see what attracted the stranger's regard.

"Are you the proprietor of this mill, sir?" called out the tall grey-haired gentleman, in no mild tone. Zack hesitated, weighing the relative advantages of truth and falsehood. "Wal, I guess——"

"You need guess nothing, sir; but the construction of your dam is a disgrace to civilization—a murderous construction, sir. Do you see that it is at least twelve feet perpendicular, sir? and how do you ever expect that salmon can climb over that barrier? I suppose a specimen of the true 'Salmo salar' has never been caught in these waters, since you blocked up the passage with your villanous dam, sir?"

"I warn't ever a-thinkin' o' the salmon at all, I guess," answered the mill-owner truly, and humbly, because he conceived himself in the authoritative presence of some big-wig, senator, or M.P., capable of calling him, Zack Bunting, to a disagreeable account, perchance.

"But you should have thought," rejoined the stranger, irately. "Through such wrong-headedness as yours, Canada is losing yearly one of her richest possessions in the way of food. What has exterminated the salmon in nearly all rivers west of Quebec? dams like this, which a fish could no more ascend than he could walk on dry land. But I hope to see parliamentary enactments which shall render this a felony, sir, a felony, if I can. It is robbery and murder both together, sir."

Mr. Hiram Holt walked rapidly to his sleigh, wrapt himself again in the copious furs, and left the storekeeper staring after the swift gliding cutter, and wondering more than ever who he was.

This matter of the dams had so much occupied his attention of late, that even after he reached Cedar Creek he reverted to it once and anon; for this fine old Canadian had iron opinions welded into his iron character. The capacity of entertaining a conviction, yet being lukewarm about it, was not possible to Hiram Holt. He believed, and practised suitably, with thorough intensity, in everything: even in such a remote subject as the Canadian fisheries.

The squire, who knew what preservation of salmon meant in the rivers of Britain, and who, in his time, had been a skilful angler, could sympathize with him about the reckless system of extinction going on through the province, and which, if it be not arrested by the hand of legislative interference, will probably empty the Canadian streams of this most delicious and nutritive of fish.

"A gold field discovered in Labrador would not be more remunerative than that single item of

salmon, if properly worked," remarked Hiram. "When the fisheries of the tiny Tweed rent for fifteen thousand a-year, a hundred times that sum would not cover the value of the tributaries of the St. Lawrence. And yet they're systematically killed out, sir, by these abominable dams."

"Why, Mr. Holt," said Linda, looking up from her work, "I think the mills are of more consequence than the salmon."

"But they're not incompatible, my young lady," he answered. "Put steps to the dams—wooden boxes, each five feet high, for the salmon to get up-stairs into the still water a-top." Whereat Miss Linda, in her ignorance, was mightily amused at the idea of a fish ascending a staircase.

"The quantity of salmon was almost infinite, twenty years ago," said Hiram, after condescending to enlighten her on the subject of its leaping powers. "I remember reading that Ross purchased a ton weight of it from the Esquimaux for a sixpenny knife; and one haul of his own seine net took thirty-three hundred salmon."

George, manufacturing a sled in the corner, whistled softly, and expressed his incredulity in a low tone; not so low, but that Mr. Holt's quick ears caught the doubt, and he became so overflowing with piscatory anecdotes, that Linda declared afterwards the very tea had tasted strongly of salmon, on that particular evening.

"It is only a few years since Sir John Macdonald and his party killed four hundred salmon in one week, from a part of l'Esquemain River, called the Lower Pools. Thirty-five such rivers, equally full, flow through Labrador into the St. Lawrence: am I not then right in saying that this source of wealth is prodigious?" asked Mr. Holt. "But the abominable dams, and the barrier nets, and the Indians' spearing, have already lessened it one-fourth." A relative comparing of experiences, with reference to fishy subjects, ensued between the squire and his guest, and both agreed that—quitting the major matter of the dams—an enforcement of "close time," from the 20th of August till May, would materially tend to preserve the fish.

"Nature keeps them tolerably close most of that time," remarked Arthur, "by building a couple of yards of ice over them. From November till April they're under lock and key."

"And han't you ever fished through holes in the ice?" asked Mr. Holt. "Capital sport, I can tell you, with a worm for bait."

"No; but I was going to say, how curiously thin and weak the trout are just when the ice melts. They've been on prison allowance, I presume, and are ready to devour anything."

During all the evening, though Linda took openly a considerable share in the conversation, her mind would beat back on one question, suggested repeatedly: "Why did Mr. Sam Holt go to Europe?" for one item of news brought by to-day's arrival was, that his eldest son had suddenly been seized with a wish to visit England, and had gone in the last boat from Halifax.

Glancing up at some remark, she encountered Mrs. Wynn's eyes, and coloured deeply. That sweetest supervision of earth, a mother's loving

look, had read more deeply than the daughter imagined. Rising hurriedly, on some slight excuse, she went to the window and looked out.

"Oh, papa! such glorious northern lights!"

Ay, surely. Low arcs of dazzling light stretched from east to west, across the whole breadth of the heavens; whence coruscated, in prolonged flashes, gorgeous streamers of every colour, chiefly of pale emerald green, pink, and amber.

"A rich aurora for this season of the year," remarked Hiram Holt. "Those that are brightly-coloured generally appear in autumn or spring."

"Oh, yes," said George; "do you recollect how magnificent was one we had while the fall wheat was planting? the sky was all crimson, with yellow streamers."

"Do you know what the Indians think about auroras?" asked Mr. Holt. "They believe that these flashes are the spirits of the dead dancing before the throne of the Manitou, or Great Spirit."

"No wonder they should seek for some supernatural cause of such splendour," observed Robert.

The aurora borealis exhibited another phase of its wondrous beauty on the ensuing evening. The young people from Cedar Creek had gone to a corn-busking bee at Vernon's, an old gentleman-settler, who lived some eight miles off on the concession-line; and coming home in the sleighs, the whole magnificent panorama of the skies spread above them. Waves of light rolled slowly from shore to shore of the horizon in vast pulsations, noiselessly ascending to the zenith, and descending all across the stars, like tidal surges of the aerial ocean sweeping over a shallow silver strand.

Three sleighs, a short distance from each other, were running along the canal-like road, through dark walls of forest, towards the "Corner." Now, it is a principle in all bringings home from these mid-winter bees, that families scatter as much as may be, and no sisters shall be escorted by their own brothers, but by somebody else's brothers. Consequently, Robert Wynn had paired off with Miss Armytage for this drive; and Mr. Holt, grey-beard though he was, would not resign Linda to any one, but left young Armytage, Arthur, and Jay, to fill the third sleigh.

Of course that sublime aurora overhead formed a main topic of conversation; but irrelevant matter worked in somehow. Blunt Hiram at last furnished a key to what had puzzled his fair companion, by asking abruptly, when Captain Argent was expected at Cedar Creek?

"Captain Argent?" she repeated in surprise; "he is not expected at all; I believe he has gone to Ireland on a year's leave."

"Then you are not about to be married to him?" said Mr. Holt, still more bluntly.

"No, indeed, sir," she answered, feeling very red, and thankful for the comparative gloom. Whereupon Mr. Holt shook hands with her, and expressed his conviction that she was the best and prettiest girl in the county; afterwards fell into a brown study, lasting till they got home.

The pair in the hindmost sleigh diverged equally far from the aurora; for heavy upon Edith's heart lay the fact that the mortgage was at last about to

be foreclosed, and they should leave Daisy Burn. This very evening, her father coming late to Mrs. Vernon's corn-shelling bee, had told her that Zack would be propitiated no longer; he wanted to get the farm in time for spring operations, and vowed he would have it. They must all go to Montreal, where Captain Armytage had some friends, and where Edith hoped she might be able, perhaps, to turn her accomplishments to good account, by opening a school.

"Papa is not at all suited for a settler's life," she said. "He has always lived in cities, and town habits are strong upon him. It is the best we can do."

CITY ALMSHOUSES.

No art is so difficult as the art of charity. To give a man a something (except in money) that he really wants, or to organize a home for him that he will really prize, are things that are not done once in a hundred years.

The rudest idea of the charitable refuge is the almshouse. It existed at the time when wagons did the journey to York in a week or ten days, and when it was not safe to wander towards Charing Cross after dusk. There is a wonderful sameness about all buildings of the kind. They have a central hall, with a clock and a bell; a number of small brick tenements projecting to the right; an equal number projecting to the left; a pump; a cabbage-garden at the back; an ornamental grass-plot (where the charity is rich) laid out in front; a statue of the founder, or a tablet to his memory; a dull uniformity, and an awful silence. Every room is like every other room, and every door is opposite some other door. Except those happy spirits who have learned in whatsoever state they are, therewith to be content, how can the inmates of such a place be happy? Neither broken-down haberdashers, decayed Turkey merchants, nor needy frame-knitters, are grateful for such refuges. They go to them because beggars have no power to be choosers. They walk about reflecting each other's pauperism; they constantly revolve round the same old ideas, and they moodily watch each other's decay. No matter how picturesque the general view of their building may appear; no matter how healthy or delightful may be the locality in which they are placed; no matter whether you call their institution by the name of college or almshouse, there is a mixture of the workhouse and the penitentiary in its constitution, which it will never lose while a single inmate remains.

If almshouses that are almost rural in their aspect are felt to be prisons, how much less attractive those dwarfed, dark, cottage-looking dens must be, that, with the changes of time, are now in the very heart of the city! You may meet with them at every turn—in Moorgate, Cripple-gate, Bishopsgate, and Southwark. Their founders never had any politico-economical idea of making them repulsive, in order to check the growth of the poor. Their design and position were supposed to be faultless by those who founded them. From the day on which they were raised to the present

hour—a period, perhaps, of more than three hundred years—their low rooms have never been without inmates. Sometimes they shelter a few stooping old men, who creep about the paved yards or peer through the railings at the gate; and sometimes a few withered old women, who clean their cottage-windows, brush their door-steps, and fetch water from the pump. These pensioners exist like strange animals in a cage, and are placed at the road-side, for idle thoughtless passengers to gape at. The field or country lane of the sixteenth, seventeenth, or even eighteenth century, in which their original hermitages were built, has become a close street of busy warehouses, if not an alley of dirty hovels. The old pensioners find themselves in everybody's way, and everybody is in their way. Their air and their light are half blocked out by a law of metropolitan progress, and their poor lives are doubtless shortened by the accidents of their position. They live daily and hourly in a way that their benefactors never meant they should live in; and the boards and corporations who manage their funds are as well aware of this as most people. Too much respect is paid to the assumed, not the real wishes of the dead, and no one has courage enough to ask Parliament to remove these unfortunate almshouses.

In London and the outskirts there are at least a hundred of these charitable refuges, and more than one-third of this number are jammed up in and about the city. There is one row for the deserving poor—re-built in 1789—up a court in Moorgate Street. The houses are clean and comfortable, and the situation is not very confined, but the ground must be wasting away under such an unproductive class of buildings. The deserving poor in each of these six houses receive now about six or seven shillings a week each; but, if the freehold was sold, offices and warehouses would rise upon the spot, and every dependant of this charity would be benefited. In Great St. Helens, Bishopsgate, there is another asylum, known as Judd's, founded in 1555, and rebuilt in 1729. It shelters six poor men, who have each two rooms and ten shillings a-week, and who are doubtless very happy. Neither of these places can be strictly called almshouses, the first being an ordinary row of small dwellings, and the last a large old-fashioned mansion. The rooms now occupied by each of these six poor men would fetch about thirty pounds a year if let out as offices, and a building might be raised on the ground that would pay a much higher rental.

It is not necessary to describe even half-a-dozen of these places, nor to look into each deed under which they were founded, to know that their removal would benefit the charities they represent, and the people at present living in them. Let any one, in passing over London Bridge towards Southwark, look down upon a squat row of cottages lying between St. Saviour's Church and the wharf warehouses of Messrs. Humphrey and others. These almshouses were built in the last century, by Mrs. Shaw Overman, for eight poor women. Each house contains only one room, on the ground floor, and the residents have five shillings a-week each.

New London Bridge, and its approaches from the south, have raised a noisy, ever-crowded roadway high above their heads, and the wharf buildings, Bridge House Hotel, and other places, have towered up round them, until they seem now to live at the bottom of a deep brick well. They are evidently standing in the way of business, very much against their will, for they have no particular associations with Southwark at the waterside. They are called the "witches" by costermongers and boatmen, and would doubtless be very glad if they were able to choose another lodging. Their cottages look like mushrooms by the side of the lofty yellow warehouses; and huge packages seem always hanging over them at the end of cranes, threatening to fall and crush them. If the ground these ill-placed refuges stand upon were sold to the building geni of the neighbourhood, the eight old ladies who depend upon Mrs. Overman's charity now, and those who may have to depend upon it in the future, might retire to any lodgings within their means, secure in an income doubled if not trebled.

This is the case with many London almshouses; and every hour that is lost in altering it, according to the dictates of business, common sense, and humanity, is so much wrong inflicted upon the poor helpless inmates, in opposition to the real wishes of those who founded these charities. Let each knot of dependants be boldly pensioned off, with liberty to go where they like, to live where they like, and to spend their money as they like. This is real charity; and while it will reform old almshouses, the gifts of past philanthropists, it will set a healthy example before the philanthropists of the future.

OXFORD COMMEMORATION.

THE question is often asked by non-academical readers, "What is the Commemoration at Oxford, to which the 'Times' devotes a long and interesting column every summer?" It is an annual festival held in the theatre (never used for theatrical purposes) at the close of the summer term, in honour of the founders and benefactors of the University; and it corresponds in some measure with the "Commencement," held in the senate-house at Cambridge, which, however, is not made so much of. In fact, the Oxford Commemoration is little less than a national holiday, and is looked forward to with interest by multitudes in all parts of England, who are connected by various ties with that renowned seat of learning. Paterfamilias comes up, in what he thinks ample time, to engage lodgings for his wife and daughters, and finds, to his dismay, that all the best apartments have been secured weeks beforehand by undergraduates for their friends. Rooms fetch fabulous prices, and provisions become considerably dearer.

As the time approaches, Oxford completely alters its appearance, and, as it were, bursts into flower. Caps and gowns are altogether outnumbered by "hionesses" in summer attire, and the classic High Street shakes off, for the nonce, its sombre and meditative aspect. Dear old Alma Mater is holiday-

making, and she does not do it by halves. The few days preceding the Commemoration are one continued round of promenades, concerts, balls, flower-shows, archery meetings, boat races, processions, elegant breakfasts, tasteful luncheons, dinners, suppers, picnics, and all manner of entertainments. Most men contrive to have some relatives up to stay with them at this festive season, and to be lionized over the innumerable beauties and curiosities of the fine old city. Shoals of high-bred English girls enliven the place with their bright eyes and historic beauty, adding a new charm to the cloisters, and libraries, and college gardens. The spirit with which they throw themselves into the life of the place is scarcely less wonderful than the amount of pleasure and work they contrive to get through in the week. They rapidly learn to recognise the various gowns, and in a short time are ready to stand an examination in the names of the colleges and public buildings, which at first appeared so puzzling and confusing. They are speedily *au fait* in the specialities of the different colleges, and become the most uncompromising of partisans, seeming only to regret that they cannot themselves be undergraduates. Dons, meantime, shake off their seedy appearance, and tailors have a busy time of it. Men are "got up quite regardless of expense," to escort lionesses to Cumnor or Blenheim, to choral services at New College or Magdalene, or to water-parties down to Nuneham.

On the morning of the great day, all Oxford is alive at a very early hour. Visitors pour in by the trains, and make their way at once to the scene of action, where the scarlet robes of the doctors meet the eye at every turn. The undergraduates muster in great force at the iron gates in Broad Street, while ladies and masters seek the other entrances to the theatre. At ten the doors are thrown open, a terrific rush ensues, and the undergraduates squeeze themselves up the narrow spiral staircases leading to their gallery. The scene, when once witnessed, is not easily forgotten, but can scarcely be imagined by those who have never seen it. The beautiful Sheldonian theatre, built in the form of a horse-shoe, is crowded from top to bottom with some three thousand souls. The chord of the curve is occupied by the orchestra and organ gallery, which is fronted by full-length royal portraits by Sir T. Lawrence. The whole pit or area is set apart for graduates. On a stage which rises in the middle of the curved side of the building are placed the handsome seats of the chancellor, the heads of houses, the proctors, the noblemen, and the distinguished visitors, who are all arrayed in gorgeous full-dress robes, according to their different academic degrees, and whose presence affords to the spectators an admirable opportunity of studying the features of our leaders, both in church and state. Immediately in their rear, the ladies' gallery, filled with gaily coloured dresses, runs round the house; and above this the undergraduates' gallery, the licensed abode of noise and merriment. Its occupants, the cream of the rising generation of the country, open fire at once, giving vent to those exuberant spirits which a week of champagne and excitement have raised to the boiling point. For

upwards of an hour before the regular proceedings begin, the fun is fast and furious. Then the organ strikes up, the great doors are flung open, the crowd divides, and the august procession enters from the adjoining Divinity School. Slowly they make their way to their seats, and then the chancellor (or, in his absence, the vice-chancellor) puts on his cap, announces that the convocation is opened, and requests silence.

The claims of the distinguished candidates for the honorary degree of D.C.L. (Doctor of Civil Law) are then set forth in a Latin speech by the Regius Professor of Law, and they are presented one by one to the house, some of them being received with a perfect tempest of applause. This is followed by another Latin speech, from either the public orator or the professor of poetry, reviewing the events of the past year. And last come the prize compositions of the year, the most prominent being the "Newdigate" English poem. These are recited by the successful competitors, the record of whose names contains many of England's foremost men. For it appears to be a speciality of Oxford to turn out statesmen, while Cambridge, on the other hand, is celebrated for producing lawyers. The procession of great guns then retires amid the shouts of the undergraduates, and the assembly gradually disperses. Every four years (once, that is, in the reign of every vice-chancellor) comes a "grand" Commemoration, which is celebrated with even more than ordinary splendour.

Perhaps, after all, the most characteristic part of the whole is the fun from the capacious galleries, from which proceed vociferous cheers or groans for notabilities present and absent, and remarks on passing events or the politics of the day, which are sometimes extremely witty and abundantly personal. The names of party leaders call forth a storm of mingled cheers, groans, hisses, and yells, which are renewed again and again; and unceasing cries of "hat off" are directed against any one who neglects to uncover directly he enters the door. Besides these, such toasts as "The Oxford Eleven," "The Oxford Eight," "The Ladies in Pink," "The Young Ladies," "The Dons with no hair on their heads," and "Our noble Selves," receive due honour. The business of the day is also enlivened (and sometimes interrupted) by a sort of running accompaniment of comments, which are by no means deficient in point. Some of these jokes, hit off on the spur of the moment, and quite impossible to retail, convulse the whole assembly with roars of irrepressible laughter. There was a grand Commemoration in 1853, when Lord Derby, then Premier, was installed as Chancellor, in the seat vacated by the death of the Duke of Wellington in the previous autumn. Several members of his cabinet received the compliment of an honorary degree on the occasion, from Conservative Oxford, and nothing could be more amusing than their reception by the "gods in the gallery." One at a time they were led forward, while the question was put by Lord Derby to the assembled convocation, whether the degree should be conferred, *Placetne vobis, Domini Doctores? Placetne vobis, magistri?* And when the applause had died away which greeted the appear-

ance of Disraeli's thoughtful but Israelitish face, some one shouted, "D. C. L., desperately clever Levite!" The authorities sometimes try to moderate the riot, but the proceedings would be comparatively tame if it were stopped. It is an admirable vehicle for public opinion, and affords an opportunity of settling old scores with a crabbed official. Many a tyrannically-disposed proctor has been kept within bounds by a wholesome dread of being hooted at Commemoration before the assembled visitors. And what Oxford man has not a pleasant recollection of the frantic but genial uproar of the University Carnival?

The Eucænia was placed on its present footing in 1750, but originally was only the counterpart of what, in olden times, took place in every parish on the anniversary of the consecration of its church; while these festivals, in their turn, were only the continuance of the heathen merrymakings of still more ancient days. Thus it is that popular observances often bridge over the gulf of years, which otherwise interpose an impenetrable barrier between the present and the past.

The installation of a new "honoured lord and chancellor" of course communicates additional solemnity to the proceedings; and there have been seven such events in the last hundred years. Lord North's in 1773, the Duke of Portland's in 1793, and Lord Grenville's in 1810, are all famous in history, and many anecdotes are handed down as connected with each. Lord Derby's inauguration has been already mentioned; but the scene of greatest interest, perhaps, occurred in 1834, when the illustrious "Iron Duke" took his place as head of that great University, which, since its foundation by Alfred the Great, has been the metropolis of learning in England. Tradition relates that Wellington, unlike his elder brother, the Marquis Wellesley, had become somewhat rusty in his classics during the many years that had passed since he left Eton, and that he was in considerable perplexity when informed that a Latin speech would be expected from him. But he reflected that doctors wrote their prescriptions in that tongue; and as "gallipot Latin" was better than none, he requested his physician to compose a speech for him. The speech was written accordingly; but he is said to have declared that he would rather have charged a column of Frenchmen than face his critical audience, so fearful was he that his false quantities would grate upon the ears of those whom the "Times" recently described as the "scholarly and fastidious Oxonians."

Anecdotes are still preserved of the grand assembly that was held in 1814, to celebrate the visit of the allied sovereigns, who were entertained at a banquet in the beautiful Radcliffe Library. Full-length portraits of the Prince Regent, the Emperor Alexander, and the King of Prussia still adorn the theatre, in remembrance of that splendid festival.

The Commemoration of 1860 also possessed a special interest, from the fact that the Prince of Wales was present as an undergraduate. His appearance in the procession with the Vice-chancellor was the signal for thunders of applause; for he was universally popular among the men, from his unas-

suming manners, and his readiness to enter heartily into whatever was going on. We trust it may be long before there is another installation to be seen; but there is reason to believe that the prince will, before very long, appropriately conclude his academic career by receiving an honorary D. C. L. degree at Oxford,* and that our beloved Queen intends to be present to witness the interesting ceremony.

TAKING THE CENSUS.

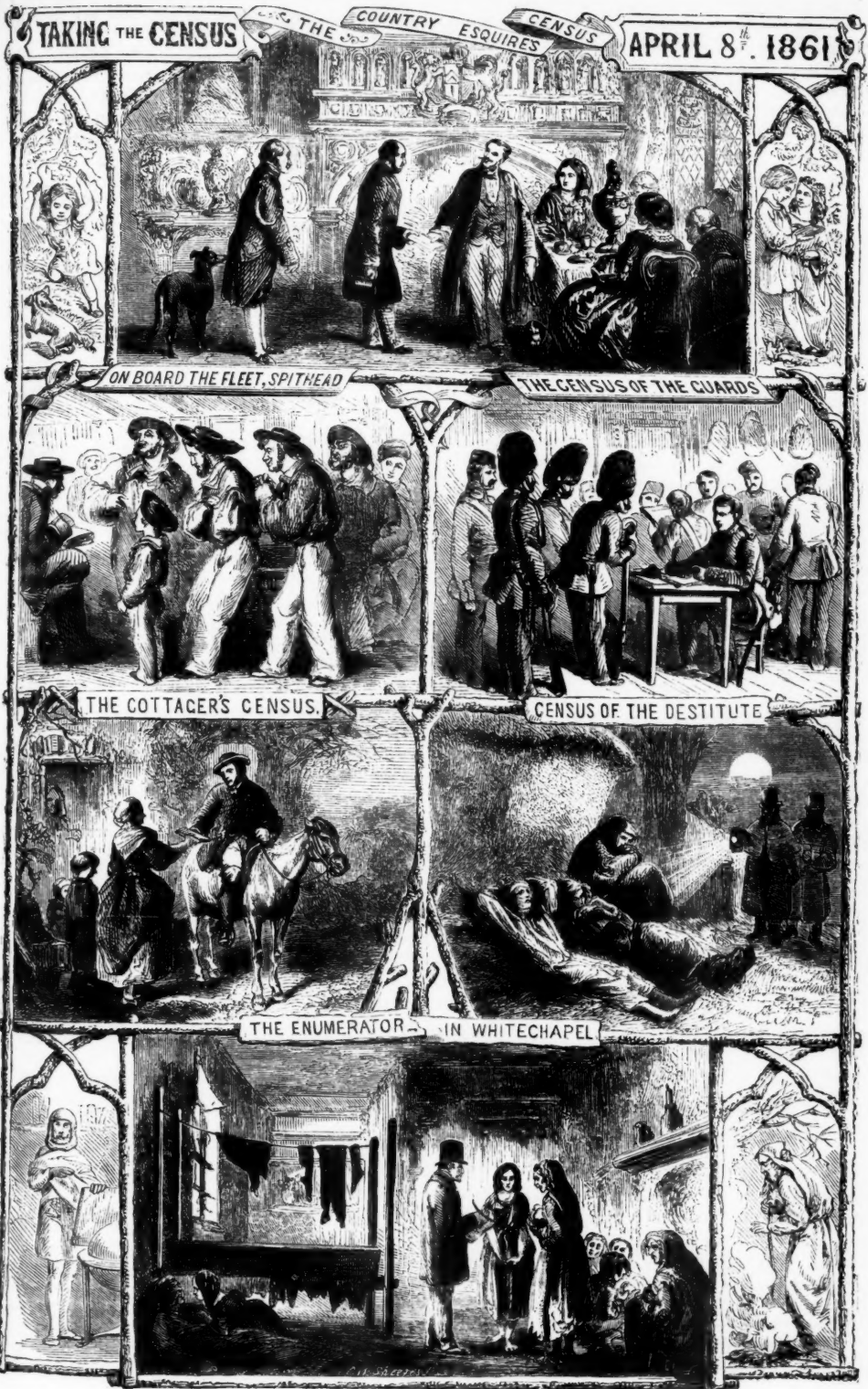
THOUGH of great political importance and social interest, the practice of ascertaining the population of a country, so much attended to in remote antiquity, has only been adopted by the civilized nations of the present day, in comparatively recent times. The youngest of the existing influential governments, the United States, led the way in the year 1790; France followed in 1791; and Great Britain in 1801, when the return gave the number of the people at a higher figure than had been anticipated by the most sanguine. This triumphantly refuted representations current respecting an absolute decline of the population, founded chiefly upon the deserted aspect of some country villages, which had been drained by emigration abroad, and by transition to the rising seats of manufacture at home. Goldsmith sang:—

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,
A breath can make them as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

Great Britain numbered 10,917,000 souls at the first enumeration. At the sixth, in 1851, just half a century afterwards, in spite of bloody wars and immense emigrations, there were 21,121,967; and, adding the population of Ireland, 6,553,178, the gross result for the United Kingdom, then, was 27,675,145. What increase, after ten years, the seventh recent enumeration will show, remains to be seen, though it may be anticipated with considerable accuracy at somewhere about 30,000,000.

The operation just performed is one of vast magnitude and complexity. It differs in many important features from the usage of the ancients. When the Jewish legislator took the sum of the congregation in the wilderness, he reckoned only the males "from twenty years old and upward," or all that were able to go forth to war. In Rome, the working classes were not enumerated at all: but the census with us is universal and impartial; it concerns every individual in the British Isles; and all are treated alike, whether the inmates of palaces, castles, halls, houses, cottages, mud-hovels, barns, tents, or without a shelter for their heads. It is also taken in one day. We are told that, in the time of David, full nine months were consumed in numbering the valiant men of his kingdom, from Dan to Beersheba. Counted singly at the rate of one per second, during twelve hours daily, Sundays excepted, rather more than a year and a half would be required to reckon the population of Great

* The corresponding degree at Cambridge is LL.D. (Doctor of Laws).



Britain in 1851; and supposing them to pass through London four abreast, for the same number of hours daily, with every facility offered for the transit, it would be nearly three months before the procession filed through at quick march. Of course, machinery upon a colossal scale is necessary to take account of such masses in a single day, the items of which are scattered over an extensive area. England and Wales required 30,441 enumerators. A similar army was employed in Scotland and Wales, while books and schedules weighing more than 45 tons, in which the returns are entered, were distributed through the kingdom. Besides mere numbers, the census embraces the names of persons, their sex, age, conjugal condition, occupation, and birthplace. Thus, on Monday the 8th of April last, soon after sunrise, the nation may be said to have sate down for its likeness to be taken, by a process almost photographic. The work was over by sunset; and the resulting image is now in the hands of those who will suitably prepare the features for public exhibition. Very few difficulties were encountered by the officials in their work, though sufficiently abundant on some former occasions, owing to popular ignorance respecting the object of the process, and its apparently inquisitorial character.

Besides supplying the requisite materials of the census, collateral information of great general interest is gathered from the schedules returned by the enumerators, which appears expressed at length, or in a tabular form, in the Report of the Registrar General. Thus, in the last, for the year 1851, there is a table No. 48, entitled, "Common Terminations of the Names of Places in England and Wales." It occupies small space, has a very unattractive appearance, but is fruitful in instruction. There is simply an array of figures in columns, under certain uncouth syllables, as *toft*, *by*, *ham*, *ton*; and alongside are the names of counties. The syllables are the terminals of the names of places, and the figures show the number of times in which each occurs in the sectional divisions of the kingdom. Rejecting the tabular form, we give a few specimens, appending the derivation of the terminal, Scandinavian, Anglo-Saxon or otherwise, with its signification, and examples of its occurrence.

Toft—Scandinavian—"a field." It occurs 7 times in Lincolnshire, 4 in Norfolk, 3 in Northamptonshire, 3 in Yorkshire, 2 in Leicestershire, 1 in Cheshire, 1 in Cambridgeshire, 1 in Suffolk, or 22 times in England, and not once in Wales. Examples—Sibbetoft, Leicestershire; Yelvertoft, Northamptonshire. It will be observed that the counties named are in that part of the kingdom which was specially overrun by the Danes. The remark applies to the next instance.

By—Scandinavian—originally "a single farm," afterwards "a town in general." It occurs 42 times in Cumberland, 20 in Westmoreland, 2 in Durham, 160 in Yorkshire, 13 in Lancashire, 9 in Cheshire, 5 in Derbyshire, 15 in Nottinghamshire, 195 in Lincolnshire, 22 in Norfolk, 13 in Leicestershire, 16 in Northamptonshire, 4 in Suffolk, 3 in Warwickshire, 1 in Essex, 1 in Kent, 1 in Gloucestershire, 1 in Cornwall, 1 in Monmouthshire, or 574 times. Examples—Derby, Whitby, Appleby.

The most common terminals are, as might be expected, of Anglo-Saxon origin, and are generally diffused.

Ham—"a home, farm, property, habitation, village, hamlet, or town." It occurs 678 times in England, and 3 in Wales. Examples—Waltham, Farnham, Clapham. *Ham* also occurs as a prefix—Hamstead, "a homestead, place, or station."

Ton—"a close, a house, a village, a town; an inclosure of houses or territory within the boundary of a town." It occurs 2798 times in England, and 78 in Wales. Examples—Stockton, Launceston, Clifton.

In addition, *ham* and *ton* are returned as compounds with *ing*, "son of, descendant." The former, as *ingham*, occurs 148 times, the latter, as *ington*, 679 times. Examples—Rockingham, "the home of the family of the Rock;" Islington.

For the first time, at the census of 1851, the islands scattered around the shores of Great Britain were officially distinguished. The names of 275 were returned, but inhabitants were only found on 175. The island of Barry, belonging to Glamorganshire, contained four persons; Chapel, off the coast of Lancashire, had three; and a solitary man was the sole occupant of Inchcolm, off the coast of Fife-shire, a farm-labourer, in charge of thirty acres of land. The return for St. Kilda is curious, the most lonesome spot in the home dominions of the crown, away in the broad Atlantic, seventy miles from the nearest shore. It rises fifteen hundred feet above the waves, and is only accessible at two points, owing to rocks and precipices. Innumerable sea-fowl resort to it, which, with fish and small patches of soil, sustain a small community. The population, never before enumerated by authority, consisted of 110 persons, of whom 48 were males, and 62 were females. There were 23 McDonalds, 33 Gillies, 20 McQuiens, 13 Fergusons, 9 McCrimons, 9 McKinnons, 2 Morrisons, and 1 McLeod, all born on the island, except one woman imported as a bride from Sutherlandshire. There was a manse and church, but no resident clergyman or medical man. The men described themselves in the schedule, "Farmers and Birdcatchers;" and eight of the females were put down "Weaveress in wool." It is to be hoped that, during the late census, the population of the small islands scattered around the coasts of Ireland has been distinguished from that of the mainland. We shall then know the total number of inhabited isles in the British Archipelago.

A NOTABLE TURKISH REBEL.

At the commencement of the present century, the Turkish government, worried by internal discord and weakened by a succession of feeble rulers, had yet greater difficulties to contend against in their futile endeavours to suppress the lawless conduct of a few petty mountain chiefs. Neglect of the main duties connected with the management of the empire, and gross abuses in sacrificing the rights and interests of the mass for the enrichment of a few court favourites, had sown the seeds of rebellion in those districts most distant from the

sent of government. Whole pashaliks were in chronic revolt against the authority of the Sublime Porte, until, in fact, many portions of Syria and Asia Minor constituted independent principalities, under the sway of ruffianly adventurers, who became the terror of all liege subjects and foreign residents.

Chief amongst these rebels, for audacity and the skill with which he evaded punishment, was Kutchuk Ali Oglu, whose name is held in detestation to the present day by the people of Adana and Aleppo, in both which districts he perpetrated deeds such as have seldom been surpassed even in the annals of Turkish history.

Kutchuk Ali Oglu was born and bred amongst those mountain fastnesses which form a natural boundary line between Syria and Asia Minor, ultimately mingling with the lofty and extensive range of the Taurus. His immediate birthplace was Byass or Pyass, once a considerable town at the north-eastern extremity of the Gulf of Iskanderoon, or Alexandretta, where extensive ruins still remain to indicate its former importance. Not far from this spot is the battle-field of Alexander and Darius. At the period when I visited Byass, few vestiges remained of what the place had once been; but I was the guest of Kutchuk Ali's grandson, a young chief called Mustuk Bey, who differed from his ancestor in every respect save one, and that was an insatiable ambition to govern his own district unfettered by any restrictions from the Porte. From him I gleaned some of the anecdotes which I am about to relate; but by far the greater portion were narrated to me by a gentleman forty years resident in Syria, who had had frequent intercourse with the rebel chief, and who, in his capacity as British Consul-General, had as frequently had occasion to send home voluminous despatches relative to the eccentric but dangerous pranks of this then notorious robber chief.

Born of humble origin, Kutchuk Ali at an early age evinced a bold and daring spirit. The wild, free, and almost independent life led by these highlanders of northern Syria, nurtured in his bosom a spirit of ambition and a craving for absolute power. These inclinations were considerably strengthened by the bold and determined rebellion of Abdallah Bey, of Aleppo; and, taking advantage of the distracted state of affairs, Kutchuk Ali organized a small band of brigands, forty in number, who, fixing their stronghold in the most inaccessible parts of these little known mountain ranges, made predatory excursions down into the surrounding plains, and carried off whole herds of cattle, and flocks of goats and sheep. The position they had chosen was well adapted for their purposes; it commanded the high road from Smyrna and Constantinople to Aleppo, Damascus, and Bagdad. Wealthily laden caravans of mules and camels were compelled to pass through this district, or else make a détour that would cost them months of delay and full double the expense in journeying.

Very speedily, numbers of unquiet spirits began to rally round the standard of this bold and presumptuous brigand; his name soon became the

terror of surrounding districts, and even the Sultan himself was compelled to despatch a body of troops to suppress his increasing audacity, but all in vain. Kutchuk Ali was sagacious enough to have no town worthy of the name accessible to the Sultan's forces, or the forces of any other power. The troops came and pillaged a few mud houses and mulberry gardens, and surrounded the place in hopes of seizing the rebel; but long before their arrival, spies had given timely notice of their approach, and they found the bird flown, while Ali, from his fastness in the mountains, was exulting over the disappointment and rage of his enemies. Fresh reinforcements were sent from Stamboul, and the mountain was besieged, with the intention of starving out the robber chief. This was the most critical period of Kutchuk Ali's career; provisions began to fail, his followers grumbled and talked of surrender, when a direful fever broke out amongst the Turkish troops, which prostrated generals as well as privates. It was then that the rebel evinced consummate skill as a politician; he might easily have exterminated the foe, and it was no love of mercy that restrained him from the deed; but he argued with himself, that such conduct would only entail further difficulties, and call down signal vengeance upon himself. Wherefore, making a few excursions into the nearest villages and towns, he gathered together a supply of poultry, cattle, vegetables, fruit, etc., large portions of which he daily sent, with his respects, to the pashas commanding the forces, sympathizing with them on their illness, and tendering an assurance of his fidelity to the Porte, which he declared must have been misrepresented by his enemies. Either this won upon the esteem of the generals, or they were wearied out with sickness and want; certain it is that the siege was raised, the troops withdrawn, and Kutchuk Ali's conduct was represented in such a light that the Sublime Porte immediately pardoned him, conferring at the same time the high honour of a pasha of two tails.

Armed with authority from that very power against which he had rebelled, Kutchuk Ali openly renewed his violence and robberies. Greatly addicted to ardent spirits, which inflamed his already cruel dispositions, the atrocities he now committed surpassed even the ordinary bounds of villany. He reconstructed the ruined fortress and the extensive arched bazaars, which are still to be seen, and caused those gloomy subterranean dungeons to be opened, the sight of which, even at the present day, impresses one with a terrible idea of the sufferings of the unhappy captives whose wretched fate it was to be here incarcerated.

The European consuls at Aleppo, and their agents at Alexandretta, found it almost imperative upon them to keep on friendly terms with their unscrupulous neighbour, and he on his side pretended to profess individual esteem and affection for them. One friend in particular was M. Massek, then Dutch Consul at Aleppo. People were led to suppose that this gentleman could influence the rebel in all his acts. Kutchuk Ali's demonstration of love, however, was certainly such as few of our readers would wish to experience. It chanced that

M. Massek had cause to visit Constantinople, and, availing himself of this opportunity to accept of an oft-repeated invitation, he visited the rebel in his own fortress, and was by him received with every outward show of love and esteem. The fatted calf was killed, musicians were called in, a general holiday was proclaimed, and, in short, the guest was fêted and honoured as much as though he were a prince of the blood-royal himself. This continued for the space of three days, at the expiration of which period the surfeited guest expressed a hope that he might be permitted to pursue his journey. The host, however, would hear of nothing of the kind, but still continued to treat his friend with the utmost hospitality. To make a long story short, Kutchuk Ali demanded 50,000 piastres for the ransom of the unhappy consul; nor was it before the latter had undergone incarceration and suffered much cruelty that this sum was raised, and he was eventually liberated and permitted to return to Aleppo. For this act of violence no satisfaction was ever obtained.

In 1803-4, an English brig, freighted with a cargo of merchandise from London, and bound for Alexandretta, had the misfortune to mistake the town, and anchor off Byass.* The vessel was boarded by Kutchuk Ali's emissaries, who, persuading the captain that he had anchored off the right port, conducted him to Kutchuk Ali, who received him with courtesy. Whilst conversation was being carried on, and pipes and coffee served to the gratified captain, the boat's crew had been seized, the vessel boarded, pillaged, and scuttled; and ultimately the whole crew, the captain included, were consigned to a loathsome dungeon, where they languished for many a long day. Being finally liberated, the captain, in a fit of despair, flung himself from the ramparts, and was dashed to pieces; the remainder of the crew died of fever and starvation, with the sole exception of a young cabin boy. Finding no ransom forthcoming for the lad, Kutchuk Ali sent him as a present to his much esteemed friend, M. Massek, of Aleppo. The same fate, with the exception that the captain and crew escaped in a boat, befel a French brig, laden with rich commodities from Marseilles. On this occasion, the value of the cargo was immense, and the merchants of Aleppo, in a body, protested against the act of violence. M. Massek sent a letter of remonstrance, begging the restitution of at least some portion of the cargo. The reply he received was characteristic of the rebel. It ran to this effect.

"Most worthy friend, it pains my heart to find you amongst the ranks of my enemies; you know well that I would even sacrifice my only son Saba for your sake, so great is my esteem. You tell me that I ought not to have taken possession of the cargo of the French brig. Now, all I ask you is to place yourself in my position. Here am I, short of money and provisions, and menaced by enemies from the four quarters of the globe, when good

fortune sends a rich cargo in my way. Now, would you, or would you not, have acted as I have done? As for the goods, I deeply regret to say that they have all been long since disposed of; nevertheless, being a lover of justice, I am willing to make the only recompense in my power; let the aggrieved parties come and settle in my territory, and I will give them more land and silk gardens than will doubly recompense them for their loss." It is needless to say that neither the invitation nor the offer was accepted.

It is said of Kutchuk Ali, that, being keenly alive to the danger of his position, he never fairly went to bed, but dozed through the night in a sitting posture, with a loaded pistol in either hand, to guard against sudden surprise. He was as active as he was enterprising, and willingly worked with his soldiers in the construction of those earthen fortresses, which every shower of rain materially damaged, but which, from being instantly repaired, kept up a formidable appearance, and impressed people with a very false notion as to his means and power of defence. Another artifice he practised was very successful. In reality, he had never more than from 400 to 500 followers; on the approach, however, of travellers or caravans, these were so stationed in the forests that surrounded Byass, that they inspired strangers with the idea that his army was composed of thousands of armed followers.

On the arrival of the Smyrna annual caravan of pilgrims bound to Mecca, Kutchuk Ali, though a Mahometan himself, invariably reaped a rich harvest. To impress these strangers with a terrible notion of his power and vengeance, it was his wont to impale a couple of unhappy criminals by the roadside, on the approach to the forest. On one occasion his prisons were empty, and the wretch, completely at a nonplus how to proceed, after long cogitation and much stroking of his beard, at length exclaimed to his lieutenant: "I have it; there is Jacob the Christian groom, he has been ill these three weeks of fever; he can never recover, and it will be a kindness to put him out of his pain." And the unfortunate Jacob was impaled!

Kutchuk once, during his long and iniquitous sway, turned pirate, and, making a descent on a place called Karadash, not far from the sea-port of Tarshish, succeeded in cutting out several grain-laden vessels, which were safely guided into the harbour of Byass; but this act brought upon him the avenging ships of European nations, which destroyed his boats, and the town he had constructed with considerable labour and at great expense; and this so sickened him of sea exploits that, for the remainder of his life, he confined himself to his original system of pillage and plunder.

So lived and died one of the most notorious rebels that ever existed in Turkey. His grandson is at present, or recently was, the governor of Byass; but times have happily changed, and this district has become a thoroughfare for peaceful merchants; mulberry plantations and fields of sessame flourish at Byass; and each year brings with it an increase in the trade and commerce that is springing up between this region and some of the principal sea-port towns in Europe.

* In 1844, when the writer was in Syria, the same error was committed by the British schooner "Uzella," Newton master. The land is so low about Alexandretta, and the huts so miserable and few, that they are only distinguishable on near approach; whereas Byass has a tower, and other large buildings situated on an eminence.

LADY ACADEMICIANS.

NO. I.—MISS MARY MOSER.

In the year 1768, a petition, signed by twenty-two artists, was presented to George III by Mr. (afterwards Sir William) Chambers, the architect, who had formerly been drawing-master to the king, when Prince of Wales. The object of the petition was to obtain the royal sanction and encouragement to the establishing of a school of design, and an annual exhibition, open to all artists of merit. The memorial met with a gracious reception. Mr. Chambers drew up a detailed plan of a constitution. This the king approved and signed, on the 10th of December in the same year; and thus was founded "The Royal Academy of Arts in London."

Among the twenty-two signatures to the petition, there are two written more delicately than the rest: these are the names, "Mary Moser" and "Angelica Kauffman." The twenty-two artists, with fourteen others, composed the original thirty-six academicians. It was not until four years later that the number was increased to forty, at which strength it has remained ever since; but there have been no more lady academicians since the days of Mary and Angelica.

They were both Swiss by birth and descent. George Michael Moser, the father of Miss Moser, and also one of the original Royal Academicians, was born at Schaffhausen, in 1704. A young man, he came to London. He was a chaser of gold, and of brass for cabinet work, otherwise "buhl," a medallist, and a painter in enamel. There was a fashion for adorning the capacious watchcases of our grandfathers and great-grandfathers with enamelled portraits. For the watch of King George, Mr. Moser executed successful enamels of the Prince of Wales and the Bishop of Osnaburg. Mr. Moser had been treasurer and manager of the old drawing-school in St. Martin's Lane, and he was appointed Keeper of the Royal Academy—an office which carries with it the superintendence of the antique department of instruction. It was thought desirable to impress the young artist's mind with the full weight of the sculpture of the ancients; it rather deadened his freedom of fancy, perhaps, but it made his hand steady and heavy, and, above all, "classical."

Miss Moser obtained, in 1758 and 1759, premiums of five guineas each from the Society of Arts, for her drawings. She was a skilful flower painter, and her pictures were at one time in high request. Queen Charlotte extended particular patronage to the lady academician. She was employed for a considerable time on the decoration of a chamber at Frogmore, painting groups and garlands of flowers on the wainscots, and was rewarded with a sum of £900; the queen commanding that thenceforward the room should be known as "Miss Moser's Room." She was renowned for her tasteful elegance of composition, her clearness of colouring, and the delicacy of her finish. She was very choice, we are told, in her colours, preferring ultra-marine on all occasions, whenever blue was required. Perhaps the extreme minuteness of her execution ultimately injured her sight, just as Gerard Dow was driven to wear

spectacles at thirty, from his persistence in microscopic finish. Miss Moser always painted with her nose within an inch of her canvas. A Mrs. Paradise, an outspoken friend—the ladies were all rather outspoken then—thought fit to comment on this infirmity. Her figure was very small and neat, and Miss Moser had spoken of her as "a sylph." One would have thought this a compliment; but Mrs. Paradise would not permit herself to be spoken lightly of. She resented the observation. "Better be so," she exclaimed angrily, "than be as you are, dull-looking and blind as a mole." "Mole as I am," retorts the lady academician, "I never added to the weight of Paul Jodrell's phaeton." This allusion is a little inexplicable now. Time has robbed it of its sting; but be sure it had one then, for Mrs. Paradise waxed very wroth indeed. What was the story about her and Mr. Jodrell, formerly M.P. for Seaford, and the last survivor of Johnson's Essex Street Club? Dr. Johnson, who was present, an amused spectator of the angry scene, cried out, "Fie, fie, my dears; no sparring; off with your mufflers, and fight it fairly out!" But Mr. Nollekens, at whose house the altercation arose, interfered and stayed the contest, censuring Mrs. Paradise for her too warm remarks. Miss Moser forgave the sylph subsequently. Many years after the squabble she wrote of her, kindly enough, in a letter to Mr. West: "I am glad that our old acquaintance, Mrs. Paradise, got safe to America. Although she and I used to say uncivil things sometimes to each other, I should have been sorry any harm had happened to her, as I think she has many worthy qualities, in consideration of which, when she is out of my sight, I like her very well, and can think of her with commiseration." The Atlantic Ocean between them, the ladies could certainly afford to forget their many little differences, and think the better of each other, from the almost certainty of their never meeting again.

But Miss Moser was thoroughly amiable and good-tempered, though she was now and then inclined to be sharp and precise. Then she was sprightly, and quick, and witty, and witty people are apt to make their smart things a little over-acidulated now and then. She was very kind to the old miser-sculptor, Nollekens, always bringing him pots of jelly and quince marmalade: no wonder, therefore, she was a favourite of his, and that, knowing she was skilful at making black currant jelly, he was careful to complain to her whenever he had a sore throat.

Mr. Moser died at his apartments in Somerset House, on Friday, the 24th of January, 1783, aged seventy-eight, and was buried in the churchyard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden. He had previously resided with his daughter, at his house in Craven Buildings, Drury Lane. From this address, Miss Moser wrote to her friends in the country, full details of the town fashions. "Come to London and admire our plumes: we sweep the sky; a duchess wears six feathers, a lady four, and every milkmaid one at each corner of her cap. Your mamma desired me to inquire the name of something she had seen in the windows in Tavistock Street: it seems *she* was afraid to ask, but *I* took courage, and they told

me they were rattlesnake tippets; however, notwithstanding their frightful name, they are not very much unlike a *beaufong* (?) only the quills are made stiff and springy in the starching. Fashion is grown a monster. Pray tell your operator that your hair must measure just three-quarters of a yard from the extremity of one wing to the other. I should not have said so much about fashion, but I suppose it makes part of the conversation of country ladies. I hope my advice will not be stale. French trimming is quite the *bon ton*," etc.

But the flower painter could criticize other matters than mere dress. Here is a note or two addressed to the same person, upon a noble author. "Pray, if you have read Lord Chesterfield's Letters, give me your opinion of them, and what you think of his lordship. For my part, I admire wit and good manners; but, at the same time, I should detest Lord Chesterfield, were he alive, young and handsome, and my lover, if I supposed, as I do now, that his wit was the result of thought, and that he had been practising the graces in the looking-glass." "Witty sayings made yesterday, and compliments manufactured at leisure, I hate; so I will not allow my Lord Chesterfield to have been a wit, unless you speak in his defence, which I think you will not do, because he has said the best of us are little better than things in leading-strings and forehead cloths."

Just at the time when the two lady academicians had affixed their signatures to the petition to the king, a young man, like them from Switzerland, was turning his attention to the fine arts. His name was Henry Fuseli; at least he so called himself; his father had written his name Füssli. He was born at Zurich, in 1741. He had entered holy orders in 1761, and had preached in his native place. He had joined with his friend Lavater, the physiognomist, in writing a pamphlet which attacked the injustice of a certain magistrate. To avoid the consequences, he fled from Switzerland. Soon he was in London, seeking employment from the booksellers as a translator, and drawing illustrations for Dr. Smollett's "Peregrine Pickle." He shows a portfolio of designs to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who declares, "Were I at your age, endowed with your ability, and any one were to offer me an estate of one thousand pounds a year, on condition of being anything but a painter, I would without hesitation reject the offer." Then he has introductions to his compatriots, the Swiss Moser, the father of Mary, and the Swiss Kauffman, the father of Angelica.

What was there so winning about this Henry Fuseli, with his leonine face, his fierce blue eyes, his violent gesticulations, his exaggerated words and opinions? He was blatant, irritable, sarcastic, almost venomous in his wrath. Haydon says that, from all he heard, a notion was excited in his mind that the man was "a sort of gifted wild beast." "Yet," says a biographer, "he made a deep impression upon most female hearts and minds." Poor Mary Moser found her heart strangely stirred in the presence of the young Swiss gentleman; then the tears came into her eyes, for she had discovered that he had no thought for her, but was deeply and tenderly moved by the personal charms and professional

talents of the other lady academician, Angelica Kauffman.

From 1769 to 1779, Fuseli was absent from England. During the greater portion of the time he resided at Rome. Mary Moser wrote to him. "She never told her love;" but she could not help betraying herself a little. Her letters are full of kindness and gaiety. He might have seen something warmer in them, had he cared to do so. Certainly he replied calmly and coldly enough. The poor flower painter must have shrunk from his stiff formal letters as from a blow. She must have felt at once that all was over—that she had no hope—that there was no love in his heart for her. "If you have not forgotten at home," she writes to him, "those friends whom you remembered at Florence, write to me from that nursery of arts and rare-show of the world, which flourishes in ruins: tell me of pictures, palaces, people, lakes, woods, and rivers; say if old Tiber droops with age, or whether his waters flow as clear, his rushes grow as green, and his swans look as white, as those of Father Thames; or write me your own thoughts and reflections, which will be more acceptable than any description of anything Greece and Rome have done these two thousand years." There may seem some effort and affectation about all this: but people laboured at their letters then, a deal more than now-a-days; and at least there is affection also. Then she gives him a smart account of the exhibition of the year; relates how Reynolds is "like himself," how Gainsborough is "beyond himself, in a portrait of a gentleman in a Vandyke habit;" and Zoffany "superior to everybody, in a portrait of Garrick in the character of Abel Druggier." "Angelica made a very great addition to the show." "Mr. West had no large picture finished." "The professor of history (Dr. Goldsmith) is comforted by the success of his 'Deserted Village,' which is a very pretty poem, and has lately put himself under the conduct of Mrs. Horneck and her fair daughters, and is gone to France. Dr. Johnson sips his tea, and cares not for the vanity of the world. Sir Joshua, a few days ago, entertained the council and visitors with callipash and callipee, except poor Cotes," etc. etc.

Fuseli answered curtly: "Madam, I am inexcusable. I know your letter by heart, and have never answered it; but I am often so very unhappy within, that I hold it matter of remorse to distress such a friend as Miss Moser with my own whimsical miseries. They may be fancied evils; but to him who has fancy, real evils are unnecessary, though I have them too. All I can say is, that I am approaching the period which commonly decides a man's life with regard to fame or infamy. If I am distracted by the thought, those who have passed the rubicon will excuse me, and you are amongst the number." And the letter ends tamely with "compliments to papa and mamma;" and he subscribes himself, Miss Moser's "most obliged servant and friend, FUSELI." He could offer her nothing but the most tepid, stately, academic friendship; and she had been dreaming of love!

It was cruel, it was stupid, of old Mr. Nollekens and his friends to be cutting jokes about

Fuseli, for the teasing of Miss Moser, at that grand dinner party Mr. Smith tells us of. Ten guests are seated round a roasted leg of pork, a pyramid of four heads of celery, mashed turnips, a lobster, a chicken, a reindeer's tongue, and a boat of parsley and butter. A "back-scratch" is handed about for the comfort of the ladies, and Mrs. Paradise enjoys a glass of claret. "My dear Nolly," says Mrs. Nollekens, "you need not have wasted the writing paper for the claret—it's the only bottle with a tall neck, and we should all have known it; it's the last of twelve Mr. Caleb Whiteford sent us for a present." "Don't crack the nuts with your teeth, Miss Moser: you'll spoil them," says Nolly. "Ay, and then what would Mr. Fuseli say?" cries some one else. Miss Moser can only blush, and be silent and sad.

It was, perhaps, not long after this that she became the wife of Captain Lloyd, who had been left a widower by the lady with whom she had corresponded on the subject of the London fashions. After her marriage, she ceased to practise her art professionally. She survived her husband some years. She was frequently visited by her former patroness, Queen Charlotte, and, indeed, her relations with the royal family appear to have been always of the most friendly kind. The Princess Elizabeth writes to her: "My dear Mrs. Lloyd, to show you that though out of sight you are not out of mind, I send you a very quiet sober-coloured gown, to show you that you have a sincere and old friend in ELIZA." She died at a very advanced age, on Sunday, May 2nd, 1819, at her lodging, No. 21, Upper Thornhaugh Street, Tottenham Court Road, and was buried at Kensington, in the grave of her husband, Hugh Lloyd, according to her request.

Sixteen years before her death, West was reinstated in the presidential chair of the academy. At the election, there was one opposition vote in favour of Mrs. Lloyd. Fuseli was taxed with having given this. "Well, suppose I did," he answered; "she is eligible for the office; and is not one old woman as good as another?" The joke seems to me a little unkind, not so much to West, as to poor Mary Moser, coming from the man who uttered it. But perhaps she had completely outlived all the romance of the past. Fuseli himself was then sixty-one, and a burlesque upon the man he had been; or it is possible that there was little friendship between them after her discovery of his preference for another. Certainly, in her will, written with her own hand, she makes no mention of Henry Fuseli, though she bequeaths a long list of remembrances to other of her friends. She was childless. She leaves to this of her acquaintances, a silver teapot; to that, a silver milk-ewer, with best wishes for future prosperity; here, a ten-caddy; there, the ring with her husband's hair set in diamonds. Old Nollekens is made an executor; and there are bequests to the wives of Benjamin West and Richard Cosway; ten pounds to the servant with her at her death; the drawings, prints, and books, to be divided between West and Nollekens; "any three pictures he pleases" to Cosway. Not a word of Henry Fuseli.

ARCTIC GRAVES.

In the lonely parts of the world, when we suddenly come upon the last earthly resting-spot of some wanderer like ourselves, a train of thought occurs that leads us even beyond the confines of the grave. It was so on one occasion when, searching amongst the numerous small islands that lie close to the barren and glacier-crowned coast of Greenland, I had been engaged with a boat's crew in collecting the eggs of the eider-duck, which frequent these islets during the period of incubation, in order to secure their progeny from the white fox and other foes. Curiosity led me to one of the smallest and most distant islands, and there, to my surprise, was a raised mound of moss, and at the end of it a small piece of wood with the following inscription, "William Monroe, 1844, of the 'Joseph Green,'" and nothing around but the hard frost-worn granite rock and the ever-changing masses of ice. In a hollow, upon the softest clump of moss, a solitary eider-duck had made her nest, in which were two eggs thickly covered with down. The eggs and nest were left undisturbed. At the foot of the grave, a thin piece of wood served for a foot-stone. To the natives a piece of wood is a prize, their own land furnishing nothing larger than the stunted birch, whose procumbent stems never exceed the size of a man's finger; so that a very powerful feeling existed to prevent their appropriating the smallest spar or plank.

Near to Cape Shackleton was another of these sad mementoes left by the whale-fishermen. It was the grave of the surgeon to one of their ships. The extreme cold preserves the bones of the dead for a very long time in these regions. On one occasion we found human bones, a skull in particular, quite perfect, that must have been in the position where it was picked up for many hundred years; the time of the settlement having existed in that spot being unknown to the nearest Esquimaux, even by tradition. How sad to think that so many of our fellow-creatures have dragged on a weary existence without the blessed hope of eternal life, held out to us in revelation! Many and great have been the efforts of the Danes to bring them to the knowledge of the Saviour, and, in the southern part of Greenland, with much success. To the north of Cape York there is a tribe who are still in total ignorance of the gospel, being cut off from the Danish settlement by 500 miles of glacier. This tribe is fast diminishing in numbers.

Often has the remembrance of that lonely grave in the far north filled my mind with sad musings. What could have been the thoughts of the poor sailor, away from all that generally lends comfort to the last hours of existence? Did some loved companion smooth his dying pillow? Was there any one to lead his mind to the only refuge in trouble, and the only hope in the last great trial? Had he believed in the Saviour, who is the resurrection and the life? One comfort there is in the reflection, that no place, however remote or lonely, is removed from the Divine knowledge and presence, and that every dying penitent is beheld by the same eye of pity and heart of love, that on earth cast out none who came unto Him.

VARIETIES.

MR. FOX ON THE SLAVE TRADE.—The last preserved speech of Mr. Fox was that which he made on the 10th of June, 1806, on his motion for the Abolition of the Slave Trade. "So fully," said he, "am I impressed with the vast importance and necessity of attaining what will be the object of my motion this night, that if, during the almost forty years that I have had the honour of a seat in Parliament, I had been so fortunate as to accomplish that, and that only, I should think I had done enough, and would retire from public life with comfort, and the conscious satisfaction that I had done my duty." On the division, the numbers for Mr. Fox's motion were 114, against it 15. These numbers amount only to 129: a very small house, according to our modern notions, met to deliberate on a measure of such vast importance.

VOCAL CLOCK.—The subjoined description of a curious clock is given in the journal of the Reverend J. Wesley:—"On Monday, April 27, 1762, being at Lurgan, in Ireland, I embraced the opportunity, which I had long desired, of talking to Mr. Miller, the contriver of that statue which was in Lurgan when I was there before. It was the figure of an old man standing in a case, with a curtain drawn before him, over against a clock which stood on the opposite side of the room. Every time the clock struck, he opened the door with one hand, drew back the curtain with the other, turned his head as if looking round on the company, and then said with a clear, loud, articulate voice, "past one, or two, or three," and so on. But so many came to see this (the like of which all allowed was not to be seen in Europe), that Mr. Miller was in danger of being ruined, not having time to attend to his own business. So, as none offered to purchase it or reward him for his pains, he took the whole machine to pieces."

VALUE OF LABOUR.—It has been estimated that cast-iron, worth in its unworked state £1 sterling, is worth, when converted by labour into ordinary machinery, £4; larger ornamented work, £45; buckles and Berlin work, £660; neckchains, £1386; shirt buttons, £5896. Bar-iron, worth £1 sterling, when made into knives, is worth £36; needles, £71; penknife blades, £957; balance-springs of watches, £5000.

HUGH MILLER AT ROTHSAV.—The following anecdote we have from a correspondent in Rothsay. One evening, late in the autumn of 1855, a stranger in rough travelling dress, wrapped in a shepherd's plaid, and with bag in hand, landed at Rothsay from one of the Clyde steamers, and sought lodgings for the night at the Temperance Hotel on the quay. He was shown into the coffee-room, where, being alone, he was joined in the course of the evening by Mr. R——, the landlord, who came to see if his guest was comfortable. In the conversation that took place, Mr. R—— referred to a letter he had just received from the British Museum, acknowledging, with thanks, the receipt of a collection of shells, and offering specimens of duplicates from the Museum. The traveller, who had come to Rothsay on a geological trip, found that he had accidentally met with a guide who might give him useful information. The night passed quickly on, and at two in the morning the "gude wife" broke up the conference with a decision that might have been displayed towards a husband tarrying over the cup, rather than in this case, over "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." In the morning, pondering over the conversation of the past night, the landlord began to think that his unknown guest could be no other than Hugh Miller, whose name he had several times quoted as the authority on subjects that were discussed. He went betimes to an apothecary of the town, who knew Mr. Miller by sight, and whose description satisfied him that his suspicions were well founded. On returning home, his wife met him with the announcement that the gentleman in the coffee-room had given his name as

Mr. Miller. The first impulse of Mr. R—— was to apologize for apparent discourtesy in the familiar allusions to "Hugh Miller" on the previous evening. He was soon set at his ease on this score, and for several days the two naturalists were seen in busy companionship, searching for shells and examining the geology of the district. A few days afterwards, Mr. R—— received from Edinburgh a parcel containing a complete set of Mr. Miller's works, accompanied by a friendly and characteristic letter.

ANIMAL LIFE IN THE DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN.—Dr. Wallich, who accompanied the "Bull Dog" as naturalist in the recent survey of the North Atlantic, for the proposed telegraph line, made a remarkable discovery. Nearly midway between the north of Ireland and Cape Farewell, soundings were obtained of 1260 fathoms. The sounding apparatus, which was of a very perfect description, brought to the surface a large mass of coarse muddy matter, no less than 95 per cent. of which consisted of the shelly remains of *Globigerina*, a genus of Foraminifera—thus testifying that the ocean floor at that locality must be paved by countless millions of these animals, some of which were alive. But, more marvellous still, from this great depth, the sounding line brought up starfish in full activity, radiant with beauty, which probably enjoyed life, though subjected to the enormous pressure of a ton and a half on the square inch. This most interesting discovery shows that no limit of life can be drawn in the sea. It has been found that the air on the summit of Etna, 12,000 feet above the sea level, abounds with Diatomaceæ; and now the ocean, at a depth of upwards of 7000 feet, and about 500 miles from Greenland, is found to teem with animals which have hitherto been supposed capable of living only in much shallower water.

BOTANIZING.—Those who really wish to preserve their plants should get a "botanical box," that is, a box similar to what are called sandwich-boxes, only on a larger scale. These boxes, made of japanned tin, are procurable in any large town. It is a mistake to get this box too small; botanists have it eighteen inches in length, and it is of little use if less than a foot, unless, indeed, it be a small pocket-box, for small plants. The width of the large box is from six to eight inches, and its depth four. It should be convex, the door fastening by a sliding bolt of wire. In addition to the box, botanists carry a portfolio, or light boards containing drying paper; for preserving some plants which easily shed their blossoms, this is useful. For getting plants up by the roots, a stout large knife, at least, should be used; but where the equipment is complete, a short "digger," or hand "spud," is carried. Such are the few simple preparations by means of which many a beautiful tenant of the wild may be gathered in perfection—carried safely home, and preserved, a record and a reference for years.—"Wild Flowers," by Spencer Thomson, M.D.

PREPARATION FOR DEATH.—When you lie down at night, compose your spirits as if you were not to awake till the heavens be no more. And when you awake in the morning, consider that new day as your last, and live accordingly. Surely that night cometh, of which you will never see the morning, or that morning of which you will never see the night; but which of your mornings or nights will be such, you know not. Let the mantle of worldly enjoyments hang loose about you, that it may be easily dropped when death comes to carry you into another world. When the corn is ripe, it is ready for the sickle. So, when a Christian's heart is truly weaned from the world, he is prepared for death, and it will be the more easy for him. A heart disengaged from the world is a heavenly one, and then we are ready for heaven, when our heart is there before us.—Burton.